

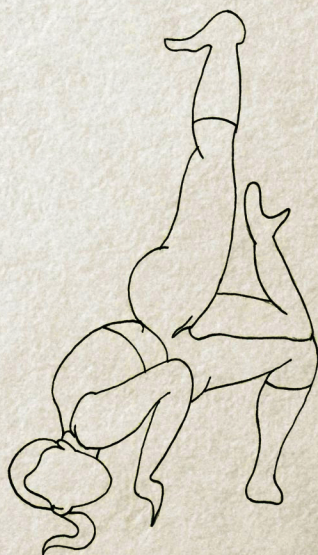
ENCOUNTERS

by

Evan Moore

and

Jordan Lee-Tung



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Jordan Lee-Tung**



MEDIA

Evan Moore is a writer, musician, and former teen heart-throb based out of Toronto, Ontario, Canada. He can generally be found beneath a grey beanie and brown flannel.

Jordan Lee-Tung is a filmmaker, poet, and all-around prententious asshole that lives in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. He can be found in various pubs and fast food establishments across the city.

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ENCOUNTERS I

Is every brief encounter
So meaningless?
Trivial
Do I make too much of it?
What do I have
But layers of fabric
Thicker any given minute
Scraggled hairs
Scribbler digits
What does she have
That makes a chance ripe for picking
That murky depth with a mysterious thickness
That tempts one to
Jump in
Drown slowly
To know how deep it really is

I HATE MY JOB

Bashed in brains and
 Pummeling face with
 Screaming fuckwad's
 Waste of space

Burn lungs black with
 chimney stacks and
 shovel shit down
 Gullet's back and
 Surgic lazer
 Eyeball shaver
 Master bator with
 Dusty navel

Played stories and
 Rape allegories
 Busted kneecaps and
 Poured out forties

Trained and dangerous

Hold razor steady
 Quit this shit 3 times already

Muddy floors with
 Suction stuck and
 Sneakers caked in
 Food and muck and
 All dolled up with
 Dicks to suck.

SHELLS

The body breathes
But it's like the surface
Cracked
The spirit leaked out
See it and smell it
Looks the same but
Completely changed
Big talk, books and movies
Doesn't really live up to it
Lives but also doesn't
Closed, demolished, occupied
Romanticized ceaselessly
Skinny jeans, boutique sunglasses
And fucking expensive coffee
Rushing traffic isn't going anywhere
Whereas time moves in a way that's
 almost imperceptible
All so fleeting
Headachin drunken reeling hours
In shadows of dead and dying
Knocking, scratching
Scribbling, perspiring
Attempts to preserve
None everlasting
Cities and People
Love and Culture
Watershed moments
Delusions of grandeur
Eggs that sit and rot
Or crack
Make good breakfast
And leave shells

BUTTERFLY NET

Catch me yapping,
 Catch me yelping,
 Catch me tittering yiddish when I'm bored.

Twirl hair;
 Girlish glee.
 Drunkard.

Catch me clapping,
 Find me sleeping,
 See me riddled with anxieties in public.

Wish I was you
 Too cool for me
 And had my weekends free.

BAR

Bohemian strangers on a wet night
In the East End
The baffling implications of a need to blend
They drink
They write
Are they self-conscious
Fucking for pleasure
Crafting in pretense
Does their skin burn with a yearning for contact?
Feelings of warmth in an encroaching winter

TRAIN

Was it lonesome riding the subway line
 through the night?
Fear of the tunnel collapse
Did the signal impedance
Make your surroundings confounding?
You realized you were alone as the train sped
Fleeting through traffic-less trails
The tunnels a spike and the hills they impale
I feel
Vibration
Cramps
Nausea
Youth changing course
Squealing violently as a train changing stations.

KINDLING PT I

Cleanse these dirty fingers,
 These sweat-stained palms
 with fire, lots of fire.

Douse these photos,
 These files of sarcasm;
 Drown vacant, smiling portraits
 in gas, lots of gas.

Find newsprint tumbling skyward;
 Charcoal ephemera
 Lingering
 (Like bad times at 4 in the morn)

I called you ugly
 (Like me, in and out)
 Your face forever perched in my mailbox.

I'll burn ya like kindling,
 I'll roast ya like pig ass;
 Like meat, lots of meat.

Do me a favour:
 Throw me atop that bundle of sticks;
 That soon to be cinder;
 That word we ruined.
 Stroke my love, girlie;
 I'm man, lots of man.

JUMP

I'm standing on a skyscraper
Looking over the edge
Smoke billows up with steam and clouds
I see the silhouettes of traffic
Swim in neon abyss
Hear the cadences of conversations
Held between bricks
Crying out
Falling at
Five-hundred miles an hour
Landing in your bedroom
I'm sleeping in your shadow
Pulling back the covers
Behold my naked flesh
Beneath the mask of fashion
I'm just another coward

KINDLING PT II

With glowing brick
 Entwined in hand
 I lie in dark,
 Got pictures of cheeks;
 O those cheeks;
 Full like worlds,
 Lip curves my crutch.

Brick bright and blue —
 Twitch my vision
 Runny and red —
 Like sun bouncing offa your brow piercings.

You got viny tats
 That I swear uprooted my insides;
 Seeds ready to burst belly.
 I'll sleep at the feet of your eyes.

You're a ghost,
 A filthy ghost,
 On stringed tin can end,
 And I don't even know your name.

So here I remain:
 A railyard —
 Called home —
 End of the line —
 At last.

PORCH

Distant rushing traffic
 Spinning jet turbines
 The low rumble and soft whistle
 Metal tube squealing in a steel vacuum
 Peppereḍ by drops of ominous precipitation
 Rain unconvinced it should've fallen in
 the first place
 Guacamole-green leaves of some common
 urban tree
 Limbs sway listlessly in a breeze equally
 lacking conviction.
 Afternoon dew clings to the edges
 Globular microcosms rage against single-cell
 chaos
 Eventually overcome by their own weight
 Plummet to grass
 Give their shape to the urban landscape
 Roaming nodes on a salivating tongue
 The whole place
 Is loud
 Teeming with life, the water moves with it
 The air through it
 Mothers and fathers with children in
 daycare
 Confusion
 Mechanical faculties of delivery and
 collection
 Groceries or garbage
 Sent away, picked up
 The whole universe moves in and out
 A pulsing heart
 Distant rushing traffic
 Is blood fighting clots
 To keep its flow a perfect circle

CURLING TOES IN MORNING SUN

14

Dreamt you crashed
On the downstairs sofa
Saw you sleeping
Anna thin red blanket
Held you soft.

You woke me up for work this morning
Crotch heated
Like orange-red, sun-kissed eyeball skin.
And now we talk with stings and pincers
Like the sleep in my eye fell in.

Dreamt you crashed
Your head fell on my shoulder
Like it landed on concrete.
All the blaring bus horn's good for
Is separating neck from body.
Flailing, flying limbs
And cold blue skin.

Morning comes
Like the sidewalk grill in the summer
And I can feel your big coloured eyes
Through the back of my neck.
Memories of fiery words
And hair stood up.
Wish you knew that's why I shaved it.

Dreamt of life sized micro-waves
That zapped us to blue dust
Forgot the rest with the dawn break
But burnt in visions
Of clean white radiation pads
Food scuffed walls
And everybody wondered where we went.

STAIN

Of period blood
Conflicts of interest
Bad timing
The Stain
Control and chaos
Destructive impulses
Delusions of grandeur
The Stain
Your Scent
Pried from the jaws of the washing machine
Clings hard to my favorite clothes
Stains
I see you reflected in those birthmarks
When we were reborn
Wet and vulnerable
Renewed to affection
Died in our sleep every night
But clung hard to a mutual understanding
Our water flowed with different currents
Though they explode as they collide
Still swept away in separate tides
Now the Stain
Of period blood
Is all I have to remember your touch

MALAISEY

I call me malaisey
 Cause I'm always grey and in bed
 Even when I'm standing and doing shit.

My best friend's a complex system
 of nerve endings and reproductive parts
 And if I tore my face off
 She'd put it back together alright.

Itchy tear lids, red
 Shower again.
 Ugly inchworm prospects
 Uber some fuckin food to my door.

I call me malaisey
 Cause the future is muddy
 And unsurety's the new 20.

My ego's a slippery sucker
 And every solution seems temporary
 And if I tore my face off
 I could scratch the red hot parts underneath.

Everyone's 4 or 5 sentences
 Like old videogames
 Tedium is cheap vintage clothes
 And number 2 haircuts.

I call me malaisey
 Cause it's grey out today
 And I used to say I liked it
 But not anymore because I don't like anything.

THIS TRAIN IS OUT OF SERVICE

17

"Have you lost your . . ."

(Upon realizing she sounds like tired theatrics)

"Brain?"

Retort:

"Erica,"

(Caramel skin and kinky hair)

Your mom just wants to go to the drop-in center.

"A month!"

(Erica),

You lost your brain —

It's always in the last place you look.

You're bringin wristbands back

(And not for the fashion statement).

You're gonna get chained to the upholstery,

I swear.

Reply:

"So what?"

Everybody's screaming today.

By the tracks floundering,

Bags packed, motherfucker,

The world'll getcha.

Erica,

You lost your brain,

(Go catch it),

You're gonna take flight

From two storey windows

And there's nothin your mom can do.

BRION GYSIN SAYS "HEY"

Last night was unseasonably warm.

Your thumbs ran through
Clementine skin
Spilled orange at my feet
Smoke billowing from the pit of my chest.

You spun your vortex
Like ruddy, junk-fueled
Dream machines.
Discord a headscape
As true as bent sunsets.

O mentor
I'll leap offa bridge —
Just say the word —
But wrap me first
Inna hundred arms;
You need only open your eyes, kiddo.

Brion Gysin says "Hey"
As I aim my twisted neck at the concrete below.

LOW

Sound off, sound on
 Noise of a million channels
 It's static ecstasy
 Livid picture bliss
 Face into three or four or five
 At the same time
 Those color nodes encompass wholly
 With pressure; a stimulation wave
 Vile knowledge!
 Stones the sisyphian brain must accommodate
 The lobe becomes swollen
 An enflamed, abhorred state
 For loneliness, fear, a lack of libido
 We eat, drink, and masturbate
 As those spry spirits fly about
 They're poltergeists
 Manipulate the oven's dials
 Affecting the grate as a sacrificial slab
 Sylvia
 I will be the sweat which fastly clung to
 your brow
 Though the flesh is cold
 The blood still boils beneath
 And when specters
 Vex my every sense
 I revile in arduous contempt,
 "Not now!"
 I refuse to die

YOUR NAME ON WALL CORNERS
LIKE TEEN GIRL BEDROOMS

Morning was soft,
Lemon yellow,

Auric.

Wish you stuck round

On this little frame,

In this bread box.

You left perfume like deforestation;

Hung round,

Devastates me.

ENCOUNTERS II

The shape
The neck nape
Tree trunk grown bristled thistles
Uproot with tape
Shave clean
Burning alcohol
Soothing lips run from shoulder blade to base
Solemn breath
Serene moonglow
Pales a skin that's smooth
Not one goosebump
In a temperate room
Where flesh is canvas
Painted by stars and tanned by shadows

